HOW A WOMAN SENT THE PEACE SHIP SAILING

Mme. Rosika Schwimmer Says Chance Visit to Great Ford Plant Gave Her Idea of Enlisting Detroit Man's Aid.

Project Will Succeed, She Declares, Also Affirming That Belligerent Governments Have Asked for Help in Stopping War.

MME. ROSIKA SCHWIMMER, of Hungary, originator of the Ford peace ship idea, had been denying herself scrupulously, she said, to reporters and photographers since her name had come to be coupled with that of the Detroit automobile manufacturer. But finally, at the Ford headquarters in the Biltmore, she permitted herself to be both interviewed and photographed by representatives of The Tribune.

"Have you an honest and deep-rooted conviction," she was asked, "that this expedition is going to prove a success and that the men will actually quit the trenches by Christmas?"

"Oh, I believe it most entirely," she replied, with a wealth of enthusiasm which put tremble into her foreign voice and an added glitter into her dark eyes, behind their highly magnifying lenses. She appeared to grope for adequate expression, and throughout the interview conveyed the impression of ardent sincerity.

"I feel utterly confident in this peace embassy. It is a wonderful move, and one for which the whole world has been breathlessly waiting many weary months. But you must understand that this endeavor to obtain an actual truce by Christmas is only the first step in the programme. Our mission will not end with that accomplished, nor will our duty be fulfilled. This truce is but preliminary to the establishment of an international tribunal or conference, through which world peace may be achieved."

"Can you outline, madame, just what plans are afoot for creating this international court and bringing about a world-wide end to hostilities?"

PLANS YET TO BE MADE.

"Oh, no!" she replied, with a vehemence which invoked the peculiarly forensic employment of hands and eyebrows without which European vehemence would be next to impossible. "No plans have been made so far ahead as that. Everything is indefinite, and we do not know what will develop until we are actively on the other side and in communication with representatives of other nations."

"But it is definitely decided that the court will convene at The Hague?"

"No, we are not even sure of that. It may be at The Hague, or it may be in one of the Scandinavian cities, wherever seems best."

"Upon what argument, madame, do you base the hope that this congress of neutrals will exert a real influence over the future actions of belligerents?"

"Upon the argument that the moral persuasion we shall be able to bring to bear will be overpowering, and that peace will have to follow. It is not as though we were trying to convert an adamant, adverse world to the better course. The warring nations are sick of war. I tell you. Tears are running down the cheeks of all the prime ministers of the warring nations. Before their own people they have to maintain the cold, martial, stoniness of countenance. They have to issue consistently militant bulletins in order to uphold the conduct of their governments. But oh! their hearts! There is not a prime minister, there is perhaps not a single official who, in his heart, does not desire peace—peace at once; peace that will end all this unspeakable tragedy. We have received letters"——

"Letters from discontented men in the trenches?"

"No, no. From governments."

"From the governments of belligerent nations?"

"Yes. Indorsing our peace projects. Even begging us to exert whatever influence we may find within our power to bring this war to an end."

"Then you anticipate no opposition at all?"

"Absolutely none. The most entire coöperation will exist from the beginning. We have the assurances of belligerents and neutrals alike. All, all desire peace. And we are going over in this ship to bring peace to the world."

Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, who originated the scheme to "get the men out of the trenches by Christmas."

In answer to a request for a detailed account of the manner in which she had carried her peace designs to the present pitch, Mme. Schwimmer told the following story:

"Ever since I was a girl I have been deeply interested in peace. I have been actively engaged in peace work for many years. Beginning early last spring I devoted all my time and strength to an endeavor to create a desire in this country as well as abroad to bring peace to torn and bleeding Europe. But, you know, mere words will not really bring about peace.

"I tried to interest a number of millionaires, but could find no one who would enter into the spirit of this great movement. It seemed like fate that I finally brought my plans to the attention of Henry Ford.

"I had looked upon Mr. Ford as just another rich man—just another Carnegie—and that he would not do anything, actually, to bring peace. I happened to be lecturing in Detroit. Mr. Ford, I was told, was then travelling in the West. I did not expect to see him, but wanted to go through the great Ford plant. I explored it from one end to the other, and was fascinated by all that I saw. There was a marvellous display of system and efficiency.

"I thought: Surely there must be a great man, a genius, back of all this. I talked with many of the men, to ascertain what was their sentiment toward Mr. Ford. Without exception I found that the men were enthusiastic, and that they shared the estimate of Mr. Ford which I had been brought to myself.

OFFERS HIS WEALTH.

"It was then I determined to make an attempt to interest the manufacturer. I sent a telegram to his secretary, but received back no encouragement whatever. So I decided I must abandon the attempt. A few days later I was again in Detroit, and was then informed that Mr. Ford had returned home. My friends urged me to try again to interest him. I said no, I could not do that. I had been refused once, and could not go to Mr. Ford now unless he sent for me. Evidently he was informed about my peace projects and the fact that I was seeking some one with wealth to make them possible, for the next day I received a message from Mr. Ford inviting me to come and confer with him.

"I went, and we held conferences during three days following. He was deeply interested from the start, and, having already offered his fortune, or such a portion of it as might be required, in an effort to stop the war, he readily agreed to adopt the plans which I submitted. Then Mr. Ford was called out of the city, and during his absence I had several talks with Mrs. Ford. I asked her if she would not like to contribute something to further the cause of the women's international peace movement, and Mrs. Ford decided that she would give her check for $10,000.

"Directly after that another conference was held with Mr. Ford, and the plan of embarking in a peace ship was discussed. This plan appealed to Mr. Ford, and it was adopted. Now you know all there is about it."

"You have been the prime agent back of this entire scheme, then, Madame?"

But her manner of poignant assurance and purpose quickly softened into a manner quite modest, quite self-effacing.

"I have done what I could," she replied. "I would do anything to stop this terrible war. But personal notoriety I do not desire. I would like now to drop quietly out of sight. I have done what I could, and shall continue to do all I can. But I would like now to drop out of public notice. Ah, must I pose for a picture? Really, I would rather not. It is my rule not to."

Madame was assured that in the opinion of her interviewer every woman is entitled to one exception.

"Ah, you will not let me drop out of sight quietly, as I prefer? You must have a picture? Well, then, you must wait a moment while I go and fix my hair."

Are Women People?

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Reflections of a Suffragist

(And Perhaps of an Antl.)

If my heart sinks at thought of a campaign
Again,
It is not that I'm lazy, that I shirk
Hard work,
It is not that it makes me faint and weak
To speak,
Nor that I find it such a horrid plague
To beg,
Not that I fear the strain of being quite
Suavely polite
To many whom I'd so much rather smite,
Or bite;
It isn't even that I hate and fear
To hear
The "facts" of our opponents year by year;
But, dear, oh, dear,
It is the weary things that day by day
I'll have to say;
The things the voters ought to
know, and don't,
Or won't,
About democracy, the home, the wife,
The mother's life,
Responsibility, the schools, pure food,
And womanhood.
That's the necessity that I deplore—
Saying once more
The things that every one has said before.
My, what a bore!

Resolved, That one of the radical principles of a Republican government is the universal education of both sexes; that to every branch of scientific education the door should be open equally to all.

Is this some new assault by feminism upon our institutions?

No; it is a resolution passed by a class of young men at Geneva Medical College just sixty-eight years ago.

Harvard and Columbia papers please copy.

For Information Only.

It escaped us that the main objection of "The Wall Street Journal" to woman suffrage is that it will not bring the millennium.

But does "The Wall Street Journal" really want the millennium?

And if so, will it submit a sketch of its intended activities under said conditions?

Do You Know?

That in Albany County, Wyo., in the election of 1912, men, constituting 68 per cent of the voting population, cast only 61 per cent of the vote?

That women, constituting only 32 per cent of the voting population, cast 39 per cent of the vote?

That in the purely residential parts of one of the cities women cast 47 per cent of the vote?

That in a district representing the other element women cast only 38 per cent of the vote?

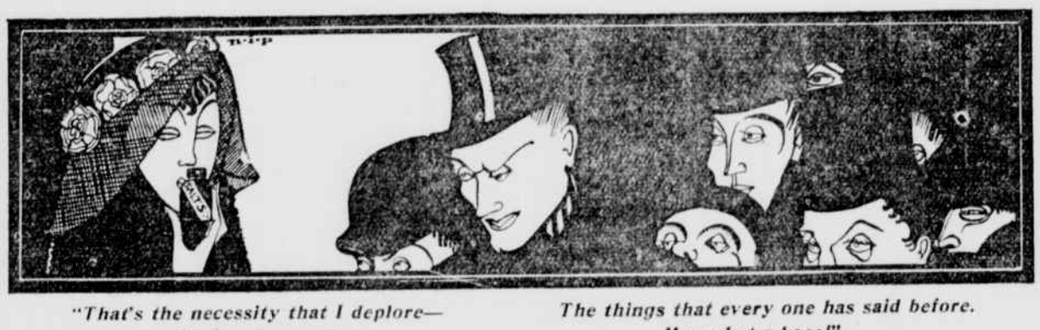
(Condensed from "The Independent," May 25, 1914.)

Whither Are We Tending?

We fear that those interested in the erection in New York of a statute to Joan of Arc have not consulted first with Mr. Everett P. Wheeler.

"All history shows," says Mr. Wheeler, "that when women are engrossed with public contests and ambitions they become vindictive and implacable."

The first thing we know some one will be wanting to put up a statue to that implacable creature, Florence Nightingale.



"That's the necessity that I deplore—Saying once more

The things that every one has said before. My, what a bore!"

As We Understand the Theory.

Woman in public life, the world has seen,
To hatred, spite and low ambition tends.
All men in politics are wise, serene,
Without ambition, save for noble ends,
Remote from all things sordid, base or mean,
They love their enemies no less than friends.

If to agree to this you hesitate,
You must be blinded, Woman, by sex-hate.

"The Song Is Everything, the Singer Nothing"

Mme. Povla Frisch, Herself an Artist, Deplores the Hunger for Personal Publicity Evinced by Notables in the Realm of Art.

"SIGNOR Amuso had a light breakfast consisting of thirteen wheat cakes, a pot of tea and a box of voice lozenges and then went for an automobile ride through Central Park. He expressed great delight at American scenes and threw pennies at the rosy-cheeked babies who were waddling near the thoroughfare."

The above sample is bad enough newspaperism, says the college class in ethics, which pronounces that the only trouble with newspapers to-day is their "lack of proportion"—that is, of course, besides their inaccuracy and political bias and sensationalism. But here is an artist, a beautiful dramatic Danish-French singer, Mme. Povla Frisch, who waves her arms in anguish over this sacrifice of art to the artist, over the monopoly in newspaper columns and in public interest of the diet, family life and wardrobe of the great tenor, the celebrated lady novelist, the inspired painter. And Mme. Frisch holds this opinion in spite of her violet tea gown, which is in itself a column's worth; she believes in the subordination of personality to art in spite of the fact that she is herself one of those rare thrilling persons whom you leave reluctantly, yet on your very tiptoes of delight.

"Who is a singer?" cries Mme. Frisch in her newly acquired English. "Nobody. Nothing. But what is art? Ah, l'art!

"Beside the art, a person is small, pygmy. It is not the singer standing and pouring out her voice to the audience. It is Beethoven, Schubert, talking to the hearts of the listeners. Mme. So-and-So, in her beauteous trailing robes, with her bandeau of diamonds and her charming smile, will be forgotten after she has left the world. But the song, the wonderful song she has sung to the people, the song that has influenced them, touched them, can never be forgotten.

"And so, madame," smiled this original young person, "I would like to sing as Mme. X. Only"—she made a despairing little movement—"one must have a name, they say, and a fame. I wish it were not so."

She sat up suddenly.

"I must say this right now: I have never seen a public like the American public. I have been here only since Octobaire, and I think you Americans are—oh, don't look frightened—wonderful! You thought I was going to say 'awful,'" she laughed at my relief, "but I have nevaire seen such a public. The French, maybe, are more refined; they have been at it longer, but the Americans, so eager, so quiet as a mouse, oh, they know the music. The Germans—all Herr Professors, analytical.

"I sang in Detroit not long ago to 750 women one morning. Seven hundred and fifty women! What a papotage they could have made. Yet they were a marvellous audience. I have never known such delight in singing as there is in America. I shall sing with such plaisir at the benefit for St. Luke's Hospital Auxiliary on January 4. I scarcely can wait for the time."

The concert, to be given at the new Colony Club, is to enable the Woman's Auxiliary to obtain funds for an additional visiting nurse, who sees that convalescents are readjusted into the machinery of their homes after their dismissal from the hospital.

Mme. Povla Frisch, Who Finds American Audiences Eager for Music.

Mme. Frisch is more interested in lieder than in operatic and oratorio singing, because she believes lieder are more artistic.

"But lieder are not universally liked, or easily understood," she said. "Only extremely cultivated people or extremely simple people like lieder. The cultivated people have got beyond the point of listening for technique in music; the simple people do not need the technique to appreciate singing. You do not find your opera audience going to concerts much, you know.

"And singing lieder is so much harder. In opera you have the orchestra to hold you up to the song, you have the scenery, the robes, the lumière, the other people, and you have the unity of the music of the whole opera to help you carry your own song. But on the concert stage you have to be sixteen people in one afternoon, you have to change your mood, your personality, fifteen times, and you have to do it so completely that each song goes straight into the soul of the people you are singing to."

OPERA IS ARTIFICIAL.

Mme. Frisch greatly deplores the artificiality of the style of opera.

"Oh, so unlike the real life," she exclaimed. "Everybody flinging around and falling on the floor, the hero holding his heart, the heroine singing to the audience when she should be hanging over the dead lover's body, milord demanding in loud, heroic tones that the flunky bring the steed or cup of poison, or whatever it is. The music carries the opera across, but why could we not have good acting, too?

"It would be hard, though," she sighed. "The Italians love their acting so much. But I wish they need not hold their hearts always, just once in a while, madame."

Mme. Frisch had been singing to the soldiers all summer and her eyes grow very sad as she talks about it.

"I knew this man"—she pointed to a small photograph—"he lost an arm and a leg, and he's very young. And this one was a weaver, and has only one arm left, and he can't be weaving any more. What will the poor man do? . . . And how can people be writing the 'stories of their lives' when this story of death is going on? What does it matter whether a singer likes his eggs boiled or stewed? How can people tell their own little histoires while this enormous, gigantic epic is being lived? Oh, the war and art are the huge things! I can't, I can't understand the concern about individual things."

ART NECESSARILY UNSTABLE.

"I can't think the war will stabilize music," she said in answer to a question; "no, not stabilize. For art must not be stable. Art must be seeking, changing, must be finding new expression. Five men will be working, all travelling different, new roads. Four of them have chosen bad roads, but the fifth, the fifth may have found a glorious new artistic thing. And the other four have actually contributed, for their effort counts so much, adds so much to the volume of experiment.

"So how can we count art as a personal matter? How can an artist plume himself as a wonderful being when, after all, his art and all art is just the sum total, the product, of what all people are contributing?

"Oh, now, you have pardoned my English, haven't you, madame? Maybe I have not said what I meant to say. And when you write the article please don't mention me much, will you? Talk about art, madame, please, but not about me."

And the astonishing thing about Mme. Frisch is that she really meant what she said.